CHAPTER III.

Major Haye had nothing to say against the acquaintanceship formed with General Seymour's nephew. He joined in the conversation and very naturally called the young man "Mr. Seymour." Whereat Lawrence informed him that his mother had been General Seymour's sister, and that she had married a certain Captain Lawrence, and that therefore—

"Therefore," Mrs. Haye eagerly interposed, "you are the Mr. Lawrence whom we have so often heard of. Oh, I know all about you. Your exploits in shooting, fishing, hunting—I have some young friends who positively rave about Mr. Lawrence—Mr. Jack Lawrence, as they usually call you, do they not? And they knew Miss Clare Seymour, too. Perhaps I should call her Mrs. Lawrence, however?" in a gently insinuating tone.

A shade had come over Lawrence's brow. He looked vexed—disconcerted. He answered more ceremoniously than before.

"I am sorry that I cannot lay claim to the good fortune of a cousin of mine, whom I think your friends must have met."

"Well, it was to Mr. Jack Lawrence that Miss Seymour was engaged," said Mrs. Haye in a tone of conviction. "Did that marriage take place, Mr. Lawrence?"

"No," said Lawrence, rather grimly: "that marriage did not take place."

"But I suppose it will take place ultimately?"

Lawrence hesitated a little. "Yes," he said, "ultimately, I suppose." And then he pulled his mustache and turned rather red, as if he were conscious of some secret embarrassment.

"You met Mrs. Burton in London, didn't you, Anne?" said Mrs. Haye, suddenly turning to her companion. "By the by, I beg your pardon; I did not introduce you. Anne, this is Mr. Lawrence, Mrs. Burton's friend; my friend, Miss Carteret."

Lawrence bowed gravely, with some curiosity as to what Miss Carteret would do or say. She answered with careless frankness, which showed that she had attached very little importance to her former meeting with him.

"Mr. Lawrence and I remember each other," she said. "He was the gentleman who kindly brought me a glass of water when I turned faint yesterday. I was very much obliged to him for his help."

Then some of the other passengers joined the group, and presently Mrs. Haye was persuaded by one of them to take a walk up and down the deck. The usual before-luncheon promenade having begun, Lawrence found himself virtually alone with Miss Carteret. Major Haye was certainly within hearing, but he seemed to be absorbed in an old newspaper, which he had obtained at Valetta.

"You will not take a little walk?" Lawrence said to her.

"No, thank you."

"Miss Carteret is not strong enough to walk," said Major Haye, emerging from his newspaper. "She is an invalid for the present. She went to that church yesterday against my wishes, Mr. Lawrence. I said it would be too much for her. But my wife wanted a companion; and I believe, Anne, I believe you went simply to please my wife, and not yourself at all."

He stalked away down the deck, and Lawrence settled into the seat next Miss Carteret's chair, watching her with undisguised interest and admiration. He saw that something in Major Haye's speech had touched her; the color had risen to her cheeks, the water was standing in her eyes. But her lips smiled still. "Major Haye is a very old friend of mine," she said. "He thinks I do not take sufficient care of myself."

"You were ill before you left England?"

"Yes; I had a nervous fever. A winter abroad will do great things for me, people say."

"Major Haye is going back to India?"

"Major Haye? Yes."

"Will the Indian climate suit you?"

"Oh," said Miss Carteret, her face lighting up, "I see what you mean. But I am not going to India; only half way—to Egypt for the winter."

"So am I."

She looked at him inquiringly for a moment. "Not for your health?" she said in a doubtful tone.

"No; for amusement. I shall go up the Nile. I am tired of England."

It was not the last conversation that they held together. Friendly, comfortable talks are easy on board ship, where the mornings and afternoons and evenings present long blank spaces which have to be filled up by pitiably inefficient devices. Lawrence found, too, that his place at meals was beside Miss Carteret, and this was a fact which greatly aided the growth of their friendship. For, after that first day, Miss Carteret came to almost every meal except breakfast, and seemed to gain strength and brightness hour by hour.

They had left Malta on Friday afternoon. Saturday, Sunday, Monday, these were the days of which Lawrence disposed chiefly in company with Miss Carteret. Monday night came; they would reach Alexandria early on the morrow. After dinner nearly all the passengers came on deck. The air was fresh yet warm; the moon was rising in the cloudless heavens, but the sunset glow lingered in the west. Anne found herself with Lawrence at her side. For a minute or two they paced the deck in silence.

"It is our last night," he said.

"Yes."

"Are you glad—or sorry?"

"I think—both."

"I have a request to make," he said, after a pause. His voice sank into a peculiarly soft and serious tone as he spoke. "I don't know whether we shall ever see each other again. You may hear of me; you may hear evil things of me. I have not led a quiet life like yours. And I want to ask you—whatever you may hear—to think kindly of me, as a friend would do. May I ask that?"

"Why should I not think kindly of you?" she said.

"Why should you think of me at all? I have no claim to be remembered. And yet—I should like you to remember me. Will you think of me sometimes?"

"I will remember you," she said.

She turned from him without another word, and went down into the cabin. He watched her out of sight, then returned to his former position, leaned his elbows on the railing, and placed his hands on either side his head. Once he sighed very deeply. His attitude was that of a man oppressed by gloomy remembrances and painful thought. Was it simply from vanity that he had asked Anne Carteret to remember him?

CHAPTER IV.

In the morning Miss Carteret and Lawrence parted with laughing words upon their lips. Yet when Lawrence's back was turned a little weariness crept into her face. For the space of ten seconds or thereabouts the harbor and its varied colors and changing lights lost interest and vividness in her eyes. But that sensation passed as quickly as it came. After all, Mr. Damer Lawrence was nothing in point of interest compared with the friends whom she was going to visit and the sights that she hoped to see.

Lawrence looked as if he felt the parting more than she. As he settled himself with his luggage in the stern of the boat that was to take him to the shore, an expression of gloom and discontent was so visible upon his face as to attract Mrs. Haye's attention.

"How miserable that young man looks!" she said. "And a man in such fortunate circumstances, too—rich, well-born, handsome, free! Some people are never contented in this world!"

Mrs. Haye's trite moral reflections were always rather lost upon Anne, but the fact which had called them forth on this occasion was not so easily overlooked. She had little time for speculation concerning it; she had just distinguished in one of the boats approaching from the shore the figure of her uncle, Mr. Dumaresq, at whose house she was going to stay, and her attention had to be given to him.

Mr. Dumaresq belonged to a large banking house, and had lived in Egypt for many years. His wife and children often went to England or Switzerland for a few months; but he himself was much absorbed in business affairs, and had now not quitted Egypt for some time. Mrs. Dumaresq was the sister of Mrs. Carteret, who had died several years before Anne ever thought of going out to Alexandria. Mr. Carteret also was dead; and since his death Anne had lived in the house of a distant relation, an old admiral, whom she had nursed and tended ever since she was eighteen. His recent death left Anne desolate; and the Dumaresqs wrote to her, inviting her to spend the winter with them.

Mr. Dumaresq's clasp of the hand was a comfort to Anne, who had been feeling a little lonely. He thanked the Hayes for their escort, asked them to his house, gave orders about the luggage, and helped Miss Carteret and her friends into the boat.

"Your Aunt Charlotte would have come to meet you, but she was not well enough," he said to her. "She sent her love, and hopes you will accept Michelle as her substitute. You remember her? She is waiting for us on the quay with Mr. Eastlake. You know Paul Eastlake by name, no doubt?"

Yes, Anne knew his name. Two figures were pointed out to her on the quay; but they were too distant to be easily recognized. Her luggage had to be delivered to the custom house officers. An hour or more passed before she found herself seated in the carriage which had been provided for her, with Michelle Dumaresq beside her; and Mr. Dumaresq and Mr. Eastlake opposite. The Hayes were driving in another carriage to a hotel. Michelle was a slight, pretty girl with dark eyes, and Mr. Eastlake was a tall, good-looking, middle-aged man. Just as they passed the English church, at one side of the square, a gentleman in another carriage raised his hat. Anne returned the salutation, and uttered a word of explanation to her friends as she did so.

"That is a Mr. Lawrence, who came from Malta with us in the 'Syria.'"

"H'm—a very good-looking man," said Mr. Dumaresq. "He knows people here, then. I see he is driving with Mr. Calcott."

"He said he had friends in Alexandria."

Here the carriage stopped in order that Mr. Eastlake might get out of it. He entered a pile of buildings in a narrow street near the square; Anne understood them to say that he was going to his office. It was in a curiously bewildered state of mind that she presently found herself at an ordinary looking railway station, and seated in an ordinary first-class carriage. Here Mr. Dumaresq bade them good-by; he had no time to go out with them to the village of Ramleh, where his house was situated, three miles from Alexandria. The train steamed out of the station, and moved onward through a new world.

There were five or six stations at Ramleh, about five minutes' walk from each other. Michelle and Anne got out at one of these stations. A tribe of donkey boys with their steeds rushed at the travelers, but, on Anne's refusal to mount a donkey, Michelle dispersed them with an energetic Arabic sentence or two. Then they walked on to Mr. Dumaresq's house, which was not very far distant, a large white mansion, in a garden, with a broad veranda running almost round it. The garden was gay with flowers; roses bloomed there all the year round; the poinsettia trees were gay with scarlet leaves; the golden green of the ragged banana leaves glittered in the sunshine. The babble of children's voices could be heard from an upper window, and Mrs. Dumaresq was ready at the door to take the newcomer into her welcoming arms.

CHAPTER V.

Anne's boxes had to be unpacked. Mrs. Dumaresq was astonished and rather vexed at the smallness and perhaps the shabbiness of Anne's wardrobe; and Anne had to own with a smile that when she left England she had been too ill and too worn out with fatigue to trouble herself about her dresses.

"Besides," she said, "I thought I was coming to the desert; not to a place where I should want dinner dresses. I can't go out much; I am in mourning."

"Mourning, nonsense!" said her aunt; "you have been in mourning—how long?"

"Four months."

"And old Admiral Fitzgerald was your relation by marriage?"

"He was like a father to me," said Anne, turning a little pale, and ceasing to smooth out the dresses upon which she had been engaged. "I had lived five years in his house."

"Now, Anne," said Mrs. Dumaresq, "I am going to speak plainly to you. James said I was to talk to you. We are the only people you have to look after your affairs and interests. You were eighteen when your uncle, as you call him, took you home with him after your mother's death, and said you were to be his daughter, and all that sort of thing. Now, weren't you?"

"I was."

"And you are twenty-three now. That is to say, you let him mew you up in a gloomy old house in London, where you never went out or saw anybody from one week's end to another; and when he became ill you nursed him and tended him like an angel—no, don't interrupt me; I shall say what I like—and were scolded and bullied and suspected all day long until he died last July; and then of course you fell ill from overwork and over-anxiety; and we all said, 'Thank goodness, that part of her life is over!'"

"Aunt Charlotte, I am sure you were not so unfeeling!" said Anne.

"And we also said," continued Aunt Charlotte, regardless of the interruption, "'Now she will have her reward. The old Admiral ought to have made her independent for life.' And at first we heard that he had left you his whole fortune; and then we were told he had left you nothing; and then you wrote and said you had two hundred a year. So now, your Uncle James and I would like to know what it all means, dear, if you don't mind telling us; because we are your nearest relations, and we do hope that you have got your rights."

"Yes, I got all my rights."

"Do, dear Anne, tell me what happened," said Mrs. Dumaresq, persuasively. "How did he leave his money? He had two thousand a year, I know."

Anne hesitated for a moment, then looked her aunt steadily in the face said, "He left his money to me."

"Well, what have you done with it?"

"I gave it away," Anne murmured, apologetically.

Mrs. Dumaresq rose from her chair, and drew herself to her full height. "Good heavens, Anne," she said in her most emphatic tones, "are you mad."

"That is what Mrs. Haye used to ask me," said Anne. "She was angry with me throughout the whole voyage. Dear Major Haye tried to be angry too, but could not manage it. He saw that it was a matter of right and justice."

"Right and justice! Fiddlesticks! Who's got the money now, I should like to know?"

"His sister and nephews."

"Who are they? I never heard of them before."

"I am sorry to say that I had not heard of them until lately. It seems that his sister married against his wishes. Her husband died, and left her with half a dozen boys and girls. Uncle Henry used to allow them two hundred a year, but made no provision for them in his will. I heard of her through my uncle's lawyer, and found out the details of the quarrel when the papers were opened. They had the right to it, not I. For myself two hundred a year is ample."

"You might have helped them without giving up your fortune."

"I did not consider it mine," replied Anne quietly. "The only thing that I charged myself with doing was to see that the income should not all go to the eldest son. There will be an equable division of the property. My dear Aunt Charlotte, I have done very well for myself," she said, looking at her aunt with an assumption of innocent dignity. "I have kept four thousand pounds for my own use and behoof, and I feel rich upon it."

To her surprise Mrs. Dumaresq sank into the easy-chair again, and began to cry. "It is too bad," she said, sobbing. "Here you have given up your youth—the five best years of your life—to that wicked old man, and have got nothing by it but a paltry two hundred a year; and I have been saying that you were an heiress—and everybody is so curious to see you. I must tell your uncle the whole story, because he is so very anxious about you. What he will say when he hears it I simply cannot imagine."

Mr. Eastlake came to dinner, and with him Mr. Rolleston, and the Dumaresq's eldest son, Harold, who had been detained all day by business in town. Harold was a bright-looking, boyish man of one-and-twenty, with thick brown hair and sparkling blue eyes. Mr. Eastlake was some years older than either Harold or Mr. Rolleston, but seemed on very intimate terms with them, as indeed he was with the whole family of the Dumaresqs. He had known them well in England, and was connected with them by marriage in some distant degree. He was almost as much at home in Mrs. Dumaresq's house as in his own.

Mrs. Dumaresq was radiant in a combination of blue and cream color; Anne looked stately in her robes of clinging black cashmere; Michelle was simply dressed in white. A Miss Hilda Seaforth, a friend of Michelle's, had been asked at the last moment to join the party. Anne enjoyed the evening. She had lived so secluded a life that the prettiness of everything around her was a pleasure. After the dinner, when they had all gone to the drawing-room, Mrs. Dumaresq turned to Anne and asked her for a song. Miss Carteret seated herself at the piano. Before she had sung three notes her hearers turned round on their chairs and looked at her in amazement. Mrs. Dumaresq sat in grave content; Eastlake moved silently to a place where he could command a good view of the singer. Harold stopped turning over the leaves of an album, and Tom Rolleston pulled his mustache and stared. Hilda and Mrs. Dumaresq pleased themselves in different ways! Hilda with the unenvious admiration of a healthy-natured, amiable girl, of strong musical tastes; Mrs. Dumaresq with a sense of proud proprietorship in a niece with a voice the excellence of which everybody must admit.

(To be continued.)

A Maid of the Motor.

The first woman in the world who is known to have made a business of running an electric car through the streets of a city is Miss Hattie K. Miller. She lives in Santa Barbara, Cal., and it is in the City of Roses that she has distinguished herself.

BANKS ARE SQUEEZED.

THEY SUFFER FROM THE LOWERING OF VALUES.

Banks Must Share the Losses Which the Currency Policy They Supported Has Brought to the Business of the Country—Only the Usurer Profits.

Effect of the Gold Standard.

The recent scaling of the capital stock of the Preston National Bank of this city, says the Detroit Evening News, from $1,000,000 down to $700,000, furnishes a valuable object lesson in the effect of the gold standard upon property values. A few years ago, when the bank was organized and capitalized at $1,000,000, that figure honestly represented its value. Its shares sold at par, or very nearly par, and that was the best evidence of its value. It did a large business and its affairs were managed with as much discretion and ability as other banks. Its losses were no greater than inevitably fall to the lot of ordinarily well-managed banks. There is a wide-spread impression among a certain class of people that banking is the one class of enterprise which enjoys immunity from the ordinary uncertainties of business, and that, given fair management and honesty on the part of the directors, there must be a continuous profit in its conduct, whether times are good or bad.

The truth, however, is that the banks are as sensitive, if not more so, to the depressing influences of hard times as any commercial or industrial enterprises whatsoever. They are the largest holders of property of all kinds in the country, although they are nominally not its owners. Their own capital is but a small percentage of the money which they loan. The great bulk of their loans is the money of their depositors. As security for this they receive bonds, stocks and mortgages, covering industrial plants and lands, and in this way more actual property lies in their hands than can be found at times unincumbered in the hands of its nominal owners.

When from any cause these properties depreciate in value, the banker's first duty to his depositors, which is his first duty in law and morals, is to see that the depreciation does not endanger the safety of the funds of which he is the trustee. But depreciation during the last few years, due to the rapid appreciation of the medium in which values are measured, was too enormous and too quick for the most prudent of bankers. It swept along the whole line, and securities that were supposed to cover twice and three times the money loaned upon them were found to be unsalable at the face of the money advanced. Few have any adequate conception of the embarrassment into which this enormous scaling down of the value of their securities has brought to the managers of the banks. In many cases the depreciation has been so great that securities for the legitimate purposes of banking have become actually worthless—that is to say, they were not salable at all.

The numerous bank failures which followed the election of Mr. McKinley throughout the West were merely symptoms of a general condition which may not yet have reached its worst stages.

We have not waited until this late day to warn the bankers of this country that they must ultimately share the losses which the currency policy they supported had brought to the industry and commerce of the country. Again and again throughout the late campaign the Evening News predicted that the gold standard would ultimately reach the banks in its ruinous influence. Their interests, properly understood, are precisely the same as those of the farmer, the mechanic, the manufacturer and the merchant. All have suffered alike, or will yet suffer, if they have been so fortunate as to escape thus far.

How different would it have been had the country never left the double standard, or, having left it, had returned to it years ago. The greatly increased production of the precious metals with which the world had been blessed would have kept the supply of basic money approximately up to the demands of the increasing necessities of mankind, and the prices of property and products thus sustained would have furnished a continuous incentive in profit to the exertion of human industry. Values would have been kept up, the debtor would have found a market for his holdings and have been able to pay his debts, and the banks to-day would have had a solid foundation in their securities for both their depositors and their capital.

It is true, the purchasing power of money would not have been so great as it is, and the absolutely secured creditor would not get so much property for his claim as he now can, but is not this just what ails the banks as well as everybody else—namely, that the claim of the creditor eats up too much of the property of the debtor and while ruining the latter nets a loss also to the former? The private usurious lender of money, who actually contemplates at the time of making the loan the desirable possibility of seizing the collateral at a reduced price and makes all his arrangements to render the transaction profitable, may find interest in this process, but the average bank cannot do so. It is not organized to hold properties of all sorts or to manage them when seized.

Its highest interest, therefore, lies, as do the interests of its depositors and its debtors, in the integrity if not the enhancement of the properties it takes as collateral. In a word, the banker is a debtor even more than he is a creditor. If the bankers of this country were only intelligent and far-sighted enough to understand this simple fact they would not have been almost unanimously shrieking for the gold standard last fall, but would have been in the forefront of the line in the battle for the double standard.

A Silver Problem.

It appears that when Congress demonetized silver there was nobody on hand to remind it that the United States owed a certain indebtedness, payable expressly in silver coin, and that fact only came out incidentally in the Senate in a recent debate. The government bought land of the Pottawatomie Indians and has been paying them for 100 years past an annuity which, it is stipulated, should be handed over to them in American silver dollars. The Indian appropriation bill provides for this payment for the coming fiscal year and was questioned upon that ground.

On the one hand, it was asked whether it was proper for our great and powerful government to impose upon "Lo, the poor Indian" dollars which, according to some Senators, are not worth 50 cents apiece—whether it was not an advantage taken of their weakness and a fraud perpetrated upon their ignorance. On the other side, it was said, by Hon. Mr. Platt, Republican Senator from the Nutmeg State, that "the silver dollars of this country" are just as good as gold, an important admission, which, if made before the first Tuesday of last November, would have probably cost Senator Platt his Senatorial position and branded him forever as an anarchist.

And then another Senator inquired of Mr. Platt why other public creditors than Indians—for instance, the national banks holding Government securities—were not also paid in silver instead of gold. To which Mr. Platt, having made one damaging admission, declined to make further reply, and the incident closed.

Silver may be good enough for Indians, but national bankers want gold.

A Bad Showing.

The tables presented by the director of the mint show that the per capita circulation in the United States has increased in twenty-four years from $21.36 to $24.03; the circulation of the United Kingdom from $9.90 to $20.80; the circulation of Germany from $13.59 to $19.28; the circulation of Belgium from $14.44 to $28.49; the circulation of the Netherlands from $16.56 to $24.06, and the circulation of Italy from $4.88 to $9.96.

It would be an easy matter to show that the per capita circulation in the United States prior to the collapse of 1873 was more than twice the amount given by the director of the mint for 1873. But we take the figures as they stand. We take the figures representing a year in which the hoarding of money and the destruction of values was almost as ruinous as these elements have been during the past four years. It will be seen that the gain in the per capita circulation of the United States as compared with the year in which business was at its lowest ebb has been only $2.67—a gain of only $2.67 in a country where the possibilities of enterprise and industry have but begun to present themselves!

It is a curious and significant fact that, so far as the increase in circulation is concerned—that most potent factor in business and enterprise—the United States has lagged behind all the European countries. Even in the Netherlands the gain has been three times as much as in the United States. In Belgium the increase has been nearly seven times greater than in the United States; in the United Kingdom it has been five times as much.

Trusts Rest Easy.

The French have a saying that if you scratch a Russian you uncover a Tartar. It is a singular fact that you cannot scratch a goldbug or a mugwump but you find underneath the skin a monopolist, an upholder of trusts or a participator in stolen franchises. The members of a sound money convention such as sat in this city the other day always have the two objects in view—to profit by legislation and by official favor and to defeat the Democratic party.

The money contributors to the Republican organization, of whose liberality old Thurlow Weed used to boast and the Hannas of to-day have had practical proof, are to be found connected and identified with sugar trusts, coffee trusts, rubber trusts, coal trusts and all the long array of trusts which overshadow this community. It is folly to think the Republican party directors will allow them to be damnified in their money making.—New York News.

Unjust Taxation.

No person has a natural right to injure any other person, and no just government ought to enable or permit any person to injure another. All should stand equal before the law. That is the great principle that underlies government.

Yet it is not rare to find that a man who pays $5 in taxes ought to pay $10, while the man who pays $10 in taxes very often should pay only $5. Unjust taxation means robbery by law—means more dangerous than any highwayman would use—and the man who aids in passing a law making such an unfair condition of things possible lacks the courage of the highwayman.

You take from those who are assessed too much and give to those who are assessed too little.—William J. Bryan.

The Silver Republicans.

The Silver Republicans antagonize no other body of bimetallists. They simply form themselves into a column which is to co-operate with the other great political forces bent upon the same object—namely, the Democratic party and the People's party.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

For the People to Consider.

The people of these United States may well ask themselves what they have gained by electing a Republican. They find it announced that a cabinet has been formed in which every interest that fattens on the Government is represented and that scarcely a single member of it is not indebted to Republican party legislation for a very large part or the whole of a great private fortune.

Situation Is Grave.

It is a singular fact that the election of Mr. McKinley has not even restored confidence among the multimillionaires and money owners of New York City. We say the fact is singular because this class placed all their influence at the disposal of the Republicans and did everything in their power to promote Mr. McKinley's election. They succeeded in their efforts. They have had the fulfillment of what seemed their heart's desire, and still they view the situation with the gravest doubt and suspicion.

Populist Pointers.

Every trust is a menace to good government.

Public opinion is the greatest foe to progress.

Paternalism is a thousand times better than favoritism.

Government banks will regulate the volume and give us a stable currency.

It is not over-production, but a false system of distribution that causes poverty.

Keep it before the people that the Republicans promised to deliver prosperity.

The government part of our Government is socialism—when it is not favoritism.

The mission of the People's party is hardly begun. The work of education must go on.

No amount of wealth can ever stand before a revolution. It is weakness instead of strength.

Resolutions of sympathy for the poor is worse than soup, and soup is a mighty light diet.

The spirit of liberty and independence can be crushed and smothered, but it cannot be killed.

If fusion ever had any respectability some of the place hunters have smirched it with disgrace.

The real question is whether the Government or the banks shall issue the paper money of the country.

The "cross of gold" is yet standing, while the "crown of thorns" is being pressed down on labor's brow.

The Republicans are kept busy explaining why prosperity doesn't come, and when it may be looked for.

Changing men will do no good unless we also change the system. The Republican party will bring no better times.

The first half of the nineteenth century will mark the demonetization of all metallic currency except for subsidiary coins.

When one trust begins to compete with another it gets out an injunction and puts a stop to it. Isn't this a dandy Government?

All the gold produced in the world in one year would not pay the interest on the world's debts three months. Then, how are we expected to pay the principal?

We can't get fair railroad rates until the water is squeezed out of the stock. The best way to do this is for the Government to acquire ownership and operate them.

The gold reserve seems to be reserving all right, but it doesn't bring prosperity, and now the question occurs, What connection has the gold reserve with prosperity?

If the Government can't keep gold to redeem its paper, how do the banks expect to do so? The Government is much stronger than the banks and its credit better than that of all the banks combined.

After all, the problem in the last stages of its analysis is, whether manhood or money shall rule in this country. All other issues center around this one. It is the same old question of human rights.

His Grip Labels.

The coming man, of course, cuts no ice with the new woman; but then he is up to all sorts of devices to be strictly "in it." A ruddy complexioned, self-conscious young man lugged a leather bag into a down-town 6th avenue elevated train to-day, and, placing it in front of him, where it might be easily seen by other passengers in the car, he settled down behind his paper to await the effect. The bag was completely covered with foreign labels of hotels and express companies, and if the young man had accompanied it to every place indicated by the label he must have been a globe trotter of no ordinary experience. London, Paris, Cairo, and even Japanese cities were represented by label. The other passengers turned their attention to the leather bag at once. Two elderly women across the aisle from the young man deciphered the labels one by one, and then nudged each other, after each effort and repeated the name of the place indicated. The ruddy young man glanced out from behind his newspaper frequently to notice what impression he was creating. His self-satisfied look lasted until a young woman in one of the cross seats said to her companion, in a high, pitched voice:

"Yes, I had my trunk done over with foreign labels before going to the country, by Jones, down on 6th avenue. He put on some lovely labels—Paris and London and all. He charged 25 cents a label. They got me into a mess of trouble, though. I tried to talk about these places and I didn't know anything about them. I scraped them all off before I had been there a week."

The passengers began to smile, and at the next station the ruddy man and his bag left the train.—New York correspondence Pittsburg Dispatch.